

CATTLEMEN,

Advertise your brands in the ARIZONA. People doing business should advertise it. By doing so you inform other people that you are on top of the earth. A business that cannot afford to advertise is not worth monkeying with. Remember the loss of a single steer, will more than pay for brand and paper for a year.

The Argus.

SHEEPMEN,

Should advertise their ear-marks in the ARIZONA. The brand including paper one year, constitutes a small outlay, and may save you a "cut;" this one "saving" would pay cost of brand and paper for many years. Remember 'tis a business maxim: "a business which cannot afford to advertise, will not pay to follow." Gentlemen, send us your brands.

Volume I.

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

Number 17.

THE RAILROADS.

Atlantic & Pacific R. R. Co.

TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
No. 4.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 3.
8:00a	10:00p	10:00p	8:00a
8:00p	7:00a	1:30p	9:00a
8:00a	5:15p	7:00p	4:00p
8:00a	5:15p	5:00a	12:10p
4:00a	3:00p	5:25a	4:35p
3:40a	2:25p	9:10a	5:25p
12:20a	10:40a	12:30p	8:10p
11:00p	9:50a	11:50a	1:40p
4:50p	7:25a	4:20p	11:25p
6:50p	6:05a	6:00p	12:45a
4:50p	4:50a	4:00p	1:45a
12:30p	11:32p	1:55a	5:48a
10:00a	8:55p	4:40a	7:50a
8:30a	7:25p	11:25a	9:20a
2:45a	1:35p	11:55a	1:40p
3:00a	2:10p	12:15p	2:10p
10:00a	Ar. Mojave.	6:00p	
8:00p	Ar. San Diego.	6:50p	
2:50p	Ar. San Francisco.	10:45a	

Train No. 3, westbound, and train No. 4, eastbound, are fast limited trains, carrying first-class passengers and equipped with Pullman's latest and most elegant sleeping cars, reclining chair cars, with an attendant to look after the passengers' comfort, and new dining cars through without change between Los Angeles and Chicago.

In addition to the regular daily equipment, a luxurious compartment sleeping car, containing two drawing rooms and seven family rooms will be attached to No. 4, leaving Los Angeles on Tuesdays and Chicago on Wednesdays of each week.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and San Francisco, with an annex car between Barstow and Los Angeles. Pullman Tourist sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and San Francisco, and Chicago and Los Angeles every day; twice a week between Los Angeles and St. Paul; once a week between Los Angeles and St. Louis and St. Paul.

The Santa Fe Route is the most comfortable and convenient route from the East to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and can be reached in no other way.

The meals at Harvey's Dining Rooms are an excellent feature of the line, and are equally well served on all limited trains. Cars which are carried on all limited trains.

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Albuquerque, N.M. H. C. BUSH.
Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, San Francisco, Cal. W. SMITH.
Receiver and Gen'l Manager.

S. F. & P. Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 15.

In effect December 23, at 12:05 a. m.

SOUTH DAILY.		NORTH DAILY.	
Exd. Pass.	STATIONS.	Exd. Pass.	STATIONS.
No. 31.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 32.
2:00p	7:00a	5:20p	12:10p
2:20p	7:17a	5:05p	11:27a
2:40p	7:32a	4:40p	11:18a
3:02p	7:49a	4:20p	11:00a
3:20p	8:11a	4:00p	10:50a
3:30p	8:15a	3:50p	10:40p
4:10p	8:39a	3:40p	9:55a
4:30p	8:55a	3:20p	9:25a
5:00p	9:12a	3:10p	8:55a
5:20p	9:29a	2:50p	8:15a
5:30p	9:45a	2:40p	7:45a

No. 41.		No. 42.	
7:00a	9:55a	2:30p	4:10p
7:30a	10:22a	2:00p	3:30p
7:50a	10:35a	2:01p	3:30p
8:10a	10:52a	1:50p	3:10p
8:30a	11:10a	1:30p	2:30p
9:00a	11:32a	12:35p	2:14p
9:20a	11:50a	12:10p	1:46p
9:40a	12:10p	11:52a	1:30p
10:10a	12:32p	11:31a	12:52p
10:30a	1:00p	11:10a	12:32p
11:00a	1:30p	10:50a	12:10p
11:30a	1:40p	10:40a	11:10a
12:30p	2:05p	10:25a	10:40a
1:00p	2:20p	9:50a	10:00a
1:20p	2:45p	9:45a	9:50a
2:00p	3:08p	9:22a	9:10a

Trains Nos. 41 and 42 run on alternate days. Information as to what days same will run will be furnished by agents on application.

No. 1 makes connections at Ash Fork with A. & P. vestibuled limited No. 3 from the east. This is the finest train west of Chicago. No. 2 also connects with A. & P. No. 2 from the west.

Persons desiring to stay over at Ash Fork will find the best of accommodations at Fred Harvey's hotel.

No. 2 makes close connection at Ash Fork with A. & P. trains No. 1 and 4. A. & P. No. 1 reaches Santa Fe 10:45 a. m., second morning. A. & P. No. 2 is a vestibuled train throughout, lighted with pinches gas, dining car running through, Los Angeles to Chicago. Dining cars, under management of Fred Harvey, with his unexcelled service, care and attention to his guests.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Jerome Junction with trains of U. V. & P. R. for Jerome.

Connecting at Prescott with stage lines for all principal mining camps; at Congress with stage lines for Hargis, Hala, Staton, and Yarnell; at Phoenix with the Maricopa & Phoenix Ry. for points on the S. P. Ry.

This line is the best route to the Great Salt River Valley. For information regarding this valley and the rich mining section tributary to this road, address any Santa Fe Route representative, or

GEO. M. SARGENT,
Gen'l Ft. and Pass. Agt., Prescott, Ariz.
GEO. T. NICHOLSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.
J. J. FREY,
Gen'l Manager, Topeka, Kan.
R. E. WELLS,
Asst. Gen'l Manager, Prescott, Ariz.
IRA P. SMITH,
Commercial Agent, Phoenix, Ariz.
E. COPELAND,
Gen'l Agent, El Paso, Texas.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. O. ANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.

F. W. NELSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WINSLOW, ARIZONA.

E. M. SANFORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

W. M. PERRILL,
Dist'ct Attorney Navajo County
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.
Will practice in all courts of Arizona.

T. W. JOHNSTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.
Will practice in the Courts of Navajo, Apache, Coconino and Mohave Counties.

R. E. MORRISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(District Attorney Yavapai County.)
Office in Court House, Prescott, Arizona.

J. P. WELCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.

BIG JACK SMALL.

The following story was published several years since, nevertheless we believe there are many of our readers who never read it. We submit the story for your judgment, hoping that you may laugh and wonder, as many others have, when reading the quaint speculations of Big Jack.

CHAPTER II.

I do not think you will get a just idea of Big Jack Small and the men of his profession, who are very numerous in the great west without I tell you that the sage-brush ox-teamster seldom sleeps in a house—does not often sleep near a house—but under his great wagon, wherever it may halt, near the valley spring or the mountain stream. His team is simply unyoked, and left to feed itself, until gathered up again to move on, the average journey being at the rate of eight miles per day—some days more than that, some less.

Twice a day the teamster cooks for himself, and eats by himself, in the shadow cast by the box of his wagon. Each evening he climbs the side of his high wagon—very high it sometimes is—heaves his roll of dusty bedding to the earth, tumbles it under the wagon, unbinds it, unrolls it, crawls around over it on his hands and knees to find the uneven places and punch them a little with his knuckles or boot-heel, and—and—well, his room is ready and his bed is aired. If it is not yet dark when all this is done, he gets an old newspaper or ancient magazine, and, lighting his pipe, lies upon his back, with feet up, and laboriously absorbs its meaning. Perhaps he may have one or more teams in company. In that case, the leisure time is spent smoking around the fire and talking ox, or in playing with greasy cards for fun. But generally the ox-teamster is alone, or accompanied by an Indian, whose business it is to pull sage-brush for a fire where wood is scarce, and drive up the cattle to be yoked.

In Jack Small's train there is usually an Indian, though you may not always see him, as sometimes, when the team is in motion, he is off hunting rats, or away up on top of the wagon asleep; but at meal-time he is visible, sitting about the fire, or standing with his legs crossed, leaning against a wagon-wheel.

The early training of Mr. John Small, having been received while following the fortunes of his father in that unruly western quest—the search for cheap rich land, had been carried forward under various commonwealths, as his parents moved from State to State of our Union—out of Ohio, and in and out of the intermediate States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa—until he dragged into the grave, and ended his pilgrimage in Nebraska, while waiting for the locomotive of that great railway which was to make him rich. A training so obtained has made Mr. Small something of a politician, with a keen ear for distinguishing the points in the reading of a State statute, and a high appreciation of the importance of State lines; while the attempts at teaching and the example of his worn-out pious mother have turned his attention to the consistencies and inconsistencies of religious forms: so that Mr. Small's heaviest and highest thought dwells upon the present state where he resides, and the future state where he is promised a residence. His greatest intellectual joy he finds in talking to a politician or a preacher. Of course he has smaller joys of the intellect in talking ox with the other teamsters, or in "joshing" over a game of cards; but he does not find solid comfort until he strikes a master in politics or a teacher in religion.

"What I'd like to be sure of," said he, one day, "is this yere: Kin a American citizen die, when his time comes, satisfied that he leaves a republic behind what'll continue as it was laid out to; an' that he's goin' to sech a country as his mother thought she was goin' to? Now, them's two of the biggest pints in Ameriky. And dern my skin ef I han't got doubts about 'em both! Now, yere's a letter from my sister

in Iowa, an' she says she's sick an' goin' to die; but that she's happy because she's goin' where mother's gone, to be happy feriver an' d'ever. An' yere's her husband—he's a lawyer, an' he's rejoicin', in his part o' this letter, over Grant's election, because, he says, that puts the Republikin party onto a sure foundation, an' secures the support o' Republikin principles feriver an' d'ever in Ameriky. Now, you see I've knocked round a heap—yes, sir, knocked around a heap, an' seen a good deal, an' seems to me, some people knows a mighty sight for certain on powerful slim proof. An' yere, my sister wants me to be a good Christian, an' my brother-in-law wants me to be a good Republikin, when, ef you pan me all out, I'm only a bull-puncher, an' haint mor'n half learned the science o' that!"

It will be surmised from this hint of Mr. Small's character, taste and disposition, that he was highly satisfied when the Rev. L. F. Sigal requested the privilege of a trip with the ox-team for the purpose of roughing it against the dyspepsia. Mr. Sigal said he had been recommended to come to Mr. Small as a humane and intelligent person, and having heard that Mr. Small's wagons were loaded for a long trip to the southeastward, he would very much like to accompany him as an assistant, being willing to rough it as much as his constitution would stand.

"All right!" said Jack. "Heave yer beddin' right up thar on top o' the wagon, an' come ahead. But, I say, did y'er ever play billiards?"

"I have—yes, occasionally, at the house of a friend; never in any public place. Yes, sir."

"Did y'er ever play bull-billiards, I mean—with this kind of a cue, with a brad into it? Make a run on the high-wheeler and carom on the off-leader, yer know?"

"Ah! you mean have I ever driven oxen? Well, no, sir, not in that way—though I was brought up on a farm in Pennsylvania, and have drawn logs with one yoke."

"All right. I'll teach yer how to punch bulls, an' you kin convert me an' the Injin. I've been wantin' that Injin converted ever since I hed him. He's heerd a little about Christ in a left-handed way, but we'll go fer him, on this trip!"

Mr. Small, while making these remarks was striding with long strong strides, up and down the road on either side of his wagons, with whip on shoulder, making all ready for a start; looping up a heavy chain here, taking up a link there, and inspecting—shortening or lengthening—the draw of brakes, etc.; while his team, strung out and hitched in the order of march, were some standing and some lying down under the yoke, on the hard shard-rock road beneath the hot summer sun. His Indian, yelped Gov Nye, was standing with his legs crossed near the axle, stoically watching the preparations, well satisfied for the present in the comfort of a full stomach and the gorgeous outfit of a battered black-silk "plug" hat, a corporal's military coat with chevrons on the sleeves and buttoned to the chin, a pair of red drawers for pantaloons, a red blanket hanging gracefully from his arm, and a pair of dilapidated boots on his feet.

Gazing bashfully upon this scene, and to catch a word with Mr. Small, the Rev. Mr. Sigal turned his hands each uneasily over the other, and said:

"Mr. Small, I cannot heave my bedding up there."

"Can't! Well, give it yere to me; I'll h'ist it fer you."

"But I have not brought it yet. It is just here, almost at hand, where I lodge."

"Well, well, rustle round an' fetch it! Biz is biz with me now. I must git up an' dust. Yere, Gov, you go him—all the same me—he talk. Take this Injin with yer—he'll help carry what you've got."

"Thank you. You are very kind indeed," said the reverend, as he marched off followed by the gorgeous red man, down the steep street of the mining-town.

While he was gone, Mr. Small, having all things in readiness, pro-

ceeded to straighten his team so as to tighten the chains and couplings whereby the great wagons are made to follow each other, in order that he might be sure that everything should draw even, strong and true. Presently, Mr. Sigal and Gov came panting and trotting round the corner, out of the street into the road, each having hold of the end of a roll of bedding; the reverend carrying a black overcoat and purple scarf over his right arm, and Gov having his royal red blanket on his left arm.

Mr. Small, taking the roll, poised it on end on his right palm, steadied it with his left, and shot it to the top of the high wagon-box as if it had been a bag of feathers.

"Thar, Gov, heap jump up—heap fix 'em—little rope—no fall off. You sabe!"

"Yash—me heap sabe!" said Gov, tossing his precious blanket to the wagon top, and slowly climbing up after it over the wheel and side.

"All ready, Parson!" said Mr. Small, interrogatively, as he picked up his baton of command.

"Yes," timidly, "I—I—believe I am."

Rapidly Mr. Small strode forward, drawing out in the indescribable rhetoric of his profession, "You Rowdy! Turk! Dave! Gee, Brigham!" then suddenly, "Who-o-o-ah—ba-ck!"

"See yere, Parson! Got anything to eat aboard?"

"No, sir. I presumed I could buy provisions at the houses where we stop."

"Houses, h—! O, excuse me, parson; Thar haint no houses to speak of, an' ef thar was, bull-teams don't hev nothin' to do with houses, 'thout they're whiskey-mills." Then shoving up his hat, and scratching his head with a vigorous rake or two of his finger-nails, he pulled the hat down on his nose, and leaning back, looked at the Rev. Mr. Sigal, and said, "S'yre, Parson, I'll grub ye, but my grub's lightnin'—beans, bread, coffee, an' can-truck. You go into camp an' buy—le'm see—well, buy a small sack o' oat meal, two papers o' pinolo, a pound o' black tea, an' half a dozen cans o' condensed milk. That'll put ye through. Yer kin easy ketch up with the team. Gee, Brigham! Git up, Dave! You Roany! Bally! Haw thar! Roll out! Roll out!"

And the slow line moves over the rocky road at a snail's pace, the wheels grinding almost imperceptibly, to the top of the not large stones, and then dropping off at the other side with a sudden fall and a jar, which, though the fall be but an inch or two, makes the loading talk in various voices as it settles more firmly to its place.

Up, slowly—ah, so slowly, so dustily!—up and up the mountain, by the cañon road, pausing at intervals to breathe the panting heard, Mr. Small grinds and crushes out a solid shining line, with his many wheels, in the porphyry and granite dust. The dry mountain summits rise on either hand, capped with the undaunted rocks, which have defied the artillery of heaven before man in and color stood to witness the shock—the rays of the sun converging upon the head of Big Jack Small, as he marches stoutly up by the side of his team, to pause for its clicking step, then up another march, and then pausing again, lifting the serpent-coiled baton above his head, shouting anon the name of some toiler of the yoke. Thus he gains the summit, and halts to draw the rearward brakes.

"Ah, Parson! H'ist them things thar to Gov. Gov, you fix 'em. Now we're off. Plenty time, though, Parson, to look at the scenery. You see that round peak yonder—way off? That's jest eighty-two miles from yere. Can't see that a-way in Pennsylvania, kin ye? Gee, Brigham! Git a-a-up!"

More rapidly, and with much clinking and clanking of yoke-rings, hooks, and chains, and the loud braying and howling of the friction of wheel-tire and break-block, the team winds down the cañon of the opposite side of the mountain, the big wagons rocking, reeling, and groaning, as they crowd each other round the curves of the declivity; and above all, the driver's voice echo-

ing along the cañon the drawing words of command and encouragement.

Mr. Sigal is behind, out of sight; pausing mayhap upon some bold outcrop of earth's foundation stone, to gaze far around and across the uplifts of the grand furrows where the forgotten forces have plowed the field that now lies fallow in the wisdom of a plan wise beyond all that is yet written or revealed. O servant of faith, look well! It is the aristocracy of nature upon which you gaze. Sublime it is in the reposeful grandeur of its indifference to commerce, agriculture, or the petty avenues of human thrift. Locked in the coffers of the rocks are the wages of its early days of labor. Stern and forbidding is the giant land, sad and unsocial; but rich in the abundance of that which renders even man unsocial, stern and forbidding.

At the foot of the mountain the team halts where the water sinks and the dry valley begins. It is but short work for Big Jack Small to draw out the bow pins, release his cattle and drop his eight yokes in a line with the bright heavy chains linking them together in the gravel and dust.

Meantime, Mr. Sigal arrives in camp with each hand full of fragments of vati-colored stone, he having tired his wits at prospecting for silver.

"Hullo, Parson! Hev you struck it rich?" interrogated Big Jack, as he let down the grub-box and cooking utensils from the wagon-top to Gov Nye. "That's a bad beginning, Parson."

"Why so, Mr. Small?"

"Cause," said Jack, jumping down from the wagon and coming up to take a look at the rock in the parson's hands—"cause ef you ever git quarts on the brain, you're a goner! Thar ar meetin'-house in Pennsylvania'll put craps on the door-knob—shore! an' d'vrtiz fer a new parson. But ye'll not git quarts on the brain—not much—s'long's yer don't find no better stones than these yere," said he, after examining the collection.

"Ah! I was merely guessing at the stones to amuse myself. Are they not quartz fragments?"

"No sir-ee," said Jack, as driving his axe into a pine log, he made the wood fly into splits and splinters—"not much. Them's iron-stained porphyry, greenstone, black trap, an' white carb'nates of lime. Hold on till we git across the valley an' git agoin' up the next mountain. 'n I'll show you some good quartz. Some bully float-rock over thar, but nobody haint found no mine yet—never will, I reckon; I've hunted for the derned thing twenty times. Yere, Gov, git a bucket o' water. Parson, d'ye feel wolfish?" added Mr. Small, after he had his fire lighted and was proceeding culinarily.

"Wolfish!" exclaimed Mr. Sigal, with some surprise.

"Yes—hungry," explained Jack, as he sawed with a dull knife at the tough rind of a side of bacon, cutting down one fat slice after the other upon the lid of the grub-box near the fire.

"Not unusually so."

"Haint et nothin' sence mornin', hev ye?"

"No; not since early mornin'."

"Must do better'n that?" said Jack, putting the frying-pan upon the fire.

"I usually eat little, for fear of eating too much."

"Well, s'pose yer heave away them rocks, an' run this fryin'-pan—jest fer appertite. Nothin' like facin' an' inimy, ef yer want to git over bein' afraid of him!"

Mr. Sigal immediately complied, and, squatting by the fire, poised the frying-pan upon the uneven heap of burning sticks in his first lesson at camp-life.

"I don't allow yer kin eat much this evenin', as we've only traveled half a day, but tomorrow we've got to cross the valley through the alkali-dust, an' make a long drive. Git a lot of that alkali into ye, an' you'll hanker after fat bacon!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Sigal, carefully balancing the pan on the fire.

"Yes, sir"—with great emphasis on the sir. "Alkali an' fat bacon goes together like a match yoke o' leaders."

Does thar seem to be any coals a-makin' in that fire, Parson?"

"The wood seems to burn; I infer there will be coals."

"Inferin' won't do, Parson! We've got to hev'em, 'cause I must bake this bread after supper, for tomorrow. Allus keep one bakin' ahead," ejaculated Mr. Small, as he finished kneading bread in the pan, and quickly grasped the axe, proceeding to break up some more wood. "Yer see, Parson, a bull-puncher hes to be up to a little of every sort o' work, in the mountains. Gov you look out fer that coffee-pot, while I put this wood on the fire. Drink coffee, Parson? No? Well, then, make yer some tea in an empty oyster-can—haint got only one pot fer tea an' coffee."

"No, Mr. Small do not make any trouble for me in that way. I drink water at the evening meal."

"All right then this hash is ready for bizness!"

The Reverend Mr. Sigal, sitting cross-legged on the ground, received the tin plate and rusty steal knife and fork into his lap from the hand of Mr. Small, and then Mr. Small sat down cross-legged opposite him with the hard loaf of yellow yeast-powder bread, and the sizzling frying pan, between them, surrounded by small cotton sacks, containing respectively salt, pepper and sugar.

"Now, Parson," said Mr. Small, "pitch in!"

[CONTINUED.]

The oldest person in Arizona is Mrs. Lida Couit of Signal, who says she was born in 1786, making her 110 years old. Her grand father came to America in a very early day and belonged to the Holland navy. Mrs. Couit remembers seeing Lafayette in 1824 when he came over to be present at the ceremonies at the completion of the Bunker Hill monument; she also remembers George Washington when he was president of the United States. She lived many years in New York city when Canal street was out in the country and Madison avenue was a body of water. At that time they used boards to cross the ditches below Canal street. She has been in Arizona for twenty years.—Phoenix Gazette.

The president has sent the following nominations of non-commissioned officers to become second lieutenants, to the senate: Corp. H. A. Sievert, Twelfth infantry; Corp. F. P. Shaw, Twenty-first infantry; Corp. R. S. Truman, Sixteenth infantry; Serg. W. B. Cochran, Fifth infantry; Serg. H. A. Rethers, First infantry.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEES.

TERRITORIAL COMMITTEE.

Executive committee—J. H. Riley, chairman; E. L. Long, secretary; T. W. Hine, A. O. Brodie, T. P. Carson, W. M. Griffith, Herbert Brown.

Apache county—J. L. Hubbell, A. Gonzales, Geo. H. Crosby, Geo. Uddall, C. L. Kempe.

Cochise county—Allen T. Bird, Al. Noyes, W. F. Nichols, A. L. Gros, A. A. Place.

Cococino county—J. C. Clark, C. M. Funston, N. G. Layton, F. W. Smith, E. F. Green-lay.

Gila county—G. M. Allison, G. T. Peter, T. A. Pascoe, W. M. Griffith, F. W. Westmeyer.

Graham county—M. J. Egan, H. L. Smith, H. Woch, Alexander McLean, E. A. Custer.

Maricopa county—Jas. McMillan, T. W. Hine, Lincoln Fowler,